VERSES AND VERSIONS.

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VERSES AND VERSIONS

IN

ENGLISH, GREEK, AND LATIN,

BY

C. REGINALD HAINES, M.A.,

Author of "Versions in Verse," &c.

With a few Pieces by

THE LATE

ANNA MOLINE HAINES.

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TO MY MOTHER

(who died 25th June, 1894).

Παρὰ τῆς μητρὸς, τὸ θεοσεβὲς καὶ μεταδοτικόν· καὶ ἐφεκτικὸν οὐ μόνον τοῦ κακοποιεῖν, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοῦ ἐπὶ ἐννοίας γίνεσθαι τοιαύτης. Ἔτι δὲ τὸ λιτὸν κατὰ τὴν δίαιταν καὶ πόρρω τῆς πλουσιακῆς διαγωγῆς.

Marcus Aurelius: Thoughts I. § 3.

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PREFACE.

ON the subject of writing verses—and publishing them—George Macdonald, in his "Sir Gibbie," says: "The true end of poetry is to help first the man that makes it along the path to the truth; help for other people may or may not be in it; . . . To the man who has it the gift is invaluable; and, in proportion as it helps him to be a better man, it is of value to the whole world; but it may in itself be so nearly worthless that the publishing of it would be more for harm than good."

As this volume, like its predecessor, "Versions in Verse," from which, perhaps, a quarter of the pieces are here reprinted, some in a revised form, is only intended for private circulation, it cannot in any case come under the condemnation above quoted, but, of course, the interest and value of the original pieces is entirely personal to the writer and his friends. The translations stand on a different footing, and the three from Horace, with some of the Greek and German ones and the Peruvian song, have, I hope, an intrinsic merit of their own. I have omitted the whole of Homer's Iliad Book I. for lack of room, and have added some half-a-dozen original poems and one translation by my mother, of whose taste and mental power, however, these few remains of her literary work give but an inadequate idea.

UPPINGHAM, 1901.

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ON MUNSTEAD HEATH, GODALMING.

SWEET 'tis to wander again where our steps have wandered aforetime,
Call to our minds once more all the delights of our youth ;
Linger o'er each lov'd spot which brings to our fond recollection
All the unmatch'd loveliness, innocence, gladness of yore ;
List, as we listened then, to the sough of the wind in the pine-trees,
Think how sweeter far this than the concourse of men ;
Give, though it be for a moment only, the rein to our fancy,
And our sorrows forget, dreaming a dream of delight ;
Deem that we are that which our hopes then told us we might be,
Ere those visions of youth vanished, no more to return.

TO A CAGED LARK.

(*St. Martin's Lane, London.*)

POOR prisoner, kept by cruel hands in thrall
Amid the dark and joyless haunts of men,
Where naught of all that comes within thy ken
Hath any sweetness in it, to recall
Those pure delights, so lately lost to thee,
When, welcome playmate of the viewless wind,
Thy realm as wide, thy joy as unconfin'd,
With gladsome pipings on the breezy lea
Thou did'st awake the lagging morn, or rest
In thy soft couch beneath the daffodils,
While twilight faded slowly from the hills :
Yet, spite of all thy loss, thy little breast
Knows no repining for the bliss denied,
But still pours forth its artless carols, drawn
From the fresh fragrance of the dewy dawn,
Gladdening our hearts, and teaching us to hide
With a brave front the griefs that in our hearts abide.

HAROLD.

(14th October, 1066.)

WHERE Norman and Saxon lay thickest slain,
Where the grasses grow greenest now,
They found him encircled by knight and thane,
With the crown on his princely brow.

"In earth that is hallowed he shall not lie,"
The conqueror cried in scorn,
"Though he fought and died, as a king should die,
He lived and he reign'd forsworn.

Then breathe not a prayer for the perjured dead,
But lay him alone by the sea;
His England no more may a foeman dread,
If Harold her guardian be."

They buried him there by the cold sea-sand
Of the isle that he loved so well,
With his battle-axe clasp'd in his stalwart hand,
In sight of the field where he fell.

And the billow rolls mournfully over his head
In the nameless grave where he lies,
And the sea-weed and tangle enshroud his bed,
And the curlew over him cries.

Yet he died not in vain; for our island home,
Fair nurse of the free and the brave,
Hath broken the fetters of France and Rome,
And cast them in Harold's grave.

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON.

(26th February, 1885.)

To one, who in himself combined
  The valiance of our race,
The tenderness of womankind,
  The power of Christian grace;
Who, armed with purity and truth
  And honour's maiden sword,
Went forth, in sternness and in ruth,
  To battle for the Lord,—

What can by us to him be given?
  His brows are crowned with praise;
The fire he gave us, lit from Heaven,
  Hath set our hearts ablaze;
What gift have we in turn to give
  With gratitude and pride?
What but, as Gordon lived, to live,
  To die, as Gordon died.

SIR BARTLE FRERE.

(29th May, 1884.)

NOT where the early grasses wave,
  Bright-beaded with the summer rain,
  But in our London's central fane
We lay thee in a Briton's grave.[1]

Hush'd are the tongues that cried thee down,
  And vail'd[2] are faction's jealous eyes :
  While spread before the nation lies
The bright page of thy pure renown.

At once, from distant Table Bay
  To where the royal Indus flows,
  The heart-felt cry of grief uprose
For him who late hath pass'd away :

For one who cared not in the dust
  To trail his country's glorious name ;
  Chose rather war than peace with shame,
Nor feared to strike where strike he must.

England hath need of sons like thee[3]
  To sway with wisdom many a realm,
  And safely hold the state-ship's helm
When toss'd on many a stormy sea.

And, though in England's greater shrine
  No resting-place for thee was found,
  Yet to the Empire's farthest bound
The beacon of thy name shall shine.

Let this be on his tomb engraved :
" Still to his country's honour true,
  He did what duty bade him do : "
And leave him to the rest he craved.[4]

LIVINGSTONE.[5]

(1st May, 1873.)

NOT in some breezy forest glade
  Beneath the soft untrodden sward
  Of the Dark Land, by thee explored,
Great-hearted Wanderer, art thou laid.

Though this the wish thy soul confess'd,
  Far from the haunts of men to lie,
  With nought above thee but the sky,
And none to break thy still, still rest.[6]

Yet England in her holiest shrine,
  The great Machpelah of her land,
  Joyed in her hour of grief to stand
Beside the dust that once was thine.

Honour to those whose loving toil,
  And faith that fail'd not with thy breath,
  Left not thy body there in death
To rest beneath a foreign soil!

Upon thy knees with bowèd head
  Kneeling, as if in act to pray,
  In that lone hut at Ilala
Beside thy lake they found thee dead.

* * * * *

Aye, praying; but for whom his prayer?
  Was it that in the throes of pain,
  He longed to see his home again
And breathe one breath of English air?

Or rather, as we fain would tell,
  His prayer was for that lovely land,
  Fresh from the imprint of God's hand,
Which human fiends had made a hell.[7]

'Twas heard in Heaven! For, as he died,
  Another came, of boundless ruth,
  To catch the sacred torch of truth,
And flashed its message far and wide.

While nations joy'd to see its light,
  Like some fair beacon on a rock,
  It singly dared the tempest's shock,
'Till whelm'd it sank, and all was night.

Ah, where is Gordon, he who came
  And drew the sword that Freedom gave?
  He sleeps with those he died to save,
And England hides her tears of shame.

1885.

KESWICK.

(April, 1893.)

THREE happy days,—what are they in the years?
Bright bubbles brok'n well nigh as soon as seen:
Three days! Yet "fate with her abhorrèd shears"
Can make them not as though they had not been.

For ever in the heart of hearts enshrin'd,
Like the clear image of a steadfast star
O'er the dark interspaces of the mind
They shed their radiance near and far.

And as I muse with thoughts of ill content
On bright hopes crost and ardent longings cold,
With all the soul's blurr'd records fused and blent,
Gleams forth the memory of those days of gold.

Where larch-green Latrigg lifts his sunny head
I walk again 'neath April's halcyon skies:
I hear the Greta gurgling in its bed,
And Derwentwater in the distance lies.

FARNCOMBE CEMETERY, GODALMING.

SHE treads no more her native vales,
  Nor hears the copses ring
With the sweet notes of nightingales,
  That wake the lagging spring.

Her only share in all the hope
  And joy that earth may claim,
A grass-clad grave upon the slope,
  A cross and carven name.

Yet still I feel her presence there
  In each familiar scene,
And Godalming is still more fair
  For thoughts of what hath been :—

The whisper'd vow in bygone years
  That made two lovers one,
And granted life, its smiles and tears,
  To me, their second son.

The simple pleasures unalloy'd
  Of field and stream and flower,
The sweetness then that never cloy'd
  In boyhood's happy hour.

Youth's vanish'd joys may none redeem;
  And she that made them be
Is but a memory and a dream :
  But, ah, the loss to me !

IN MEMORIAM : J. W.[8]

(13th January, 1887.)

THOUGH no sweet English violets grow
  Upon thy lonely grave
In that far churchyard of Roseau
  Beyond the western wave ;

Though sadly we have wept for thee,
  Cut off before thy time,
Ere yet the joy of days to be
  Had blossomed to their prime.

While the dear dream of youthful love
  Made life itself divine,
Ere she thou lovedst all else above
  Became for ever thine ;

Yet, oh my friend of early years,
  Shall we not envy thee,
From sorrow freed, from pain and fears,
  That mar mortality?

Calm is thy sleep where thou dost lie
  Beneath the Southern Cross—
Emblem of hope that cannot die,
  Of death that brings no loss.

Thou seest now behind the screen,
  That veils the great white Throne,
What seers have sigh'd to see, nor seen,
  And kings to know, nor known.[9]

A little while, and we shall stand
  Together on that day,
When God himself with His own hand
  Shall wipe all tears away.

DOMUS WELLINGTONIA.

SWEETLY smells the purple heather,
  Softly sighs the bending pine,
Where we passed our youth together
  In the days of "Auld Lang Syne:"

Drank the deep draught of existence,
  Careless yet of every care;
Seeking with a fierce insistence
  Pleasures in the earth and air.

Many a school of old foundation
  Claims its centuries of fame;
We can boast a fairer station,
  And a more commanding name—

Name for ever linked in story
  With the triumph of our race;
We, the guardians of its glory,
  Still must keep it from disgrace;

Show to all the truth and beauty
  Of our Captain's oft-told tale,—
Only he who follows duty
  Can the heights of glory scale.

AT THE WALL OF WAILING IN JERUSALEM.

How art thou fallen! Once the pride of nations,
  Kings to the brightness of thy rising came:
Famine and war and many desolations
  Now have left of thee nothing but a name.

Weep for Jerusalem! Fallen and forsaken
  Now are the proud courts where the mighty trod;
Weep, for our anguish surely will awaken
  Somewhat of pity in an angry God,

Is His hand shortened that He cannot save us?
  Is His ear heavy that He may not hear?
Nay, for remember the promise that He gave us;
  Surely the coming of His Christ is near.

Soon shall we see him, riding on the thunder,
  Clothed with the clouds and charioted with fire,
While the unbelievers in dismay and wonder
  Crouch at the glorious advent of Messiah.

SIR BALIN AND SIR BALAN.

(*A Tale of the Spanish Navy.*[10])

THE sun to westward slowly sank, and night o'erspread the bay,
Where in the mouth of Cadiz' port Don Vincente Emperan lay ;
Who, in the tourney of the world, stood forth a champion sworn
To hold the ocean lists for Spain from dark to dewy morn,
Pledged that no English foeman's ship should, in her island pride,
Dare, in despite of him and Spain, in Cadiz' bay to ride.

The twilight faded from the sky, and slowly, speck by speck,
The tranquil stars came peering forth, while on the silent deck
Don Vincente watched and joyed to see amid the twinkling stars
Ascendant shine, against the Twins, the ruddy orb of Mars,
Sure token, as he fondly deem'd, that ere the coming day
His English foe and he should meet in some stupendous fray.
But, as his eye fell on the Twins, his heart was pierced with pain
In thinking of his brother-twin he ne'er might see again,
Lost, as ill rumour lately said, with all his gallant crew,
Far, far from home and Spain, upon the rocks of rich Peru.
How gladly had he welcomed him to fight beside him now,
A sharer in the glorious fray, a partner in his vow !
Then childhood's hours of happy glee across his fancy came,
And boyhood's joyous carelessness, and youth's ambitious aim,
When he and Juan side by side in strength and stature throve,
Still equal in their work and play, as equal in their love.
And well he called to mind one day upon the country-side,
Together roving through the wood, a gipsy's camp they spied,
Where, crouching at a fire of sticks, a wither'd crone was seen,
With eyes of black malignant hue, and strange forbidding mien.
Her, as did boys the seer of old, they mocked with laugh and jeer,
Till, turning with a scowl of hate that smote their hearts with fear,
She cursed them by her foreign gods, and spake the words of doom,
To bring their mother's loving heart with sorrow to the tomb :

"Ye're bonny now, but on your brows I see the mark of Cain,
For brother shall his brother slay, and shall himself be slain."
Long, long the beldame's aweful words had rung within their ears
Till the slow lapse of time had still'd the knelling of their fears;
Each lock'd within his breast had borne the prophecy of woe,
That told how brother's blood one day by brother's hand should flow.
And now Don Vincente could not choose but laugh amid his grief
To think how bode so false had found unquestioning belief,
His aged mother still alive, but mourning for her son,
By cruel fate bereft of life ere honour's race was run.

The while, as darkness slowly closed before the harbour's mouth,
The ghostly shadow of a stately ship came looming from the south.
Her tall masts flew no warning flag, her decks were still as death,
But softly in the night she crept before the south wind's breath.
And in Don Vincente's throbbing heart the thought with joy uprose,
That now at last the time had come to face his English foes.
But meanwhile, as he thought thereon, the strange ship onward came,
And in a moment from her side broke forth the lightning flame.
No time was there to parley then, but straight the signal flew
That rous'd the ship to battle fierce and woke the sleeping crew;
And all night long, from ship to ship, the volleying thunder pealed,
And, locked all night in close embrace, the vessels rocked and reeled.
But when the breeze with morning came and rolled the clouds away,
Alone upon the summer sea the sinking galleons lay,
While from one shattered spar on each the Spanish ensign flew,
And as each sailor looked aloft the fatal truth he knew.
Then, dying as he lay upon the deck, Don Vincente bade them tell
What gallant ship of Spain it was, and who had fought so well.
But, when he heard Don Juan's name, with pain and grief he swooned,
While slowly ebbed the life-blood forth from many a gaping wound.

They row'd him to his brother's ship, and laid them side by side,
Where, clasped in one another's arms, the noble Captains died;
And, freighted with brave Spanish hearts, the living and the slain,
The shattered galleons with a shudder sank beneath the main.

VAUXHALL BRIDGE.

DARK ran the silent river
  Each sombre arch between ;
And on its breast the quiver
  Of countless lights was seen.

She looked towards the city,
  Its crowds and noise and glare ;
But there was none to pity
  Of all the thousands there.

She thought of him who won her,
  And left her to her fate,
And in her foul dishonour
  Her love was turn'd to hate.

Then thoughts of home and mother
  Across her fancy came ;
And scarce despair could smother
  The sobs that shook her frame.

She kissed her babe, and weeping
  She clasp'd it to her breast ;
But thou, her child, wast sleeping
  And smiling in thy rest.

Dark ran the silent river,
  As, with one prayer for thee,
She plunged—may God forgive her!—
  Into eternity.

HAROLD'S GRAVE.

(14th October, 1066.)

LAY him in the shelving sand
  Upon his native shore,
His axe still clasp'd in his broad hand,
  That ne'er may wield it more.

Bind the crown—'twas his by right—
  His royal brows around,
The crown he won at Stamford fight
  And lost on Hastings' mound.

Lay him there beside the sea;
  'Twill chime within his ears
Of all that his own isle shall be
  In the dim after-years.

Far and wide o'er all the world
  Her glorious flag shall wave,
The flag that, wheresoe'er unfurl'd,
  Brings freedom to the slave.

Isles and continents unknown
  To Saxon arms shall yield,
And many a triumph shall atone
  For Senlac's fatal field.

Blenheim, Agincourt, Poictiers
  Shall be her names of pride,
And Waterloo avenge the tears
  That fell when Harold died.

Leave him: round his lonely head
  The sobbing waves will coil;
But foeman's foot shall never tread
  Again on English soil.

Leave him: he hath nobly fought
  That England still should be
The home of Saxon speech and thought,
  The royal and the free.

PLEVNA.

(December 10th, 1877.)

ENCIRCLED round by green Bulgarian hills
A little city lies ;
The sloping pastures, seamed with sparkling rills,
And dotted o'er with grazing cattle, rise
On either hand ; whence through the summer air
The city's spires and minarets are seen,
Their tall heads rising statelily serene,
And faint is heard the muezzin's call to prayer.

How changed the scene ! now every crest is crowned
With rampart, fosse, and gun,
And each once lovely slope is strewn around
With ghastly corpses rotting in the sun.
Behind, the leaguer'd Moslem, brought to bay,
Stands grimly, like a lion in his lair,
Sternly resolved that he will do and dare,
For Allah and his Prophet, all a mortal may.

In front, the armies of the Muscovite,
Tightening their deadly hold,
But aye misliking to assail the height,
Whence late in rout disastrous rolled,
As from a stately vessel's side are shorn
The waves, they back recoiled before the foe
They fondly deemed could ne'er receive them so,
And lost the laurels valour scarce had worn.

Successful though the brave defenders be
The invader to withstand,
Their valour may not gain them exit free,
And hunger wrests what force could not command.

Yet will they not surrender tamely there
  To foes whom they have conquered in the fight ;
  Cleave rather with cold steel the cordon tight,
Which circles in on every side their lair.

'Twas nobly tried—their onset scarce was check'd,
      Ere twice a thousand men
Had been before that charge o'erset and wreck'd,
  Like skiffs beneath Niagara fall ; and then
With famine weak they bow'd to Allah's will,
  And craved for mercy from the infidel,
  They who had kept their country's guard so well,
Tho' vanquish'd, yet in manhood victors still.

And now again the deadly strife is o'er,
      And silence, as of death,
Broods over all ; but the hills are green no more,
  All scarr'd and scorch'd with war's hot breath,
The city 's shrouded in a smoky pall
  That hides the suffering forms which lie
  Calling for water in their agony,
That they may drink and die ; none heeds their call.

What fancy pictures, or what tongue can tell
      The shuddering horrors wed,
Plevna, with thee ? In one vast charnel cell,
  The living—dying mingled with the dead.
The nations never shall forget thy name,
  Though rich the quickened verdure shall have spread
  Above each sleeping warrior's head,
Thine, Plevna, re-baptised with steel and flame.

KENT AND THE G.O.M.

(Dover: 1886.)

THE G.O.M. thought that to Florence
  For a holiday jaunt he would go;
And, as nothing he hates with abhorrence
  So great as a crowd and a show,
He chose a bank holiday for once
  As a suitable day, don't you know?

And, since at the latest election
  He was sore disappointed with Kent
He thought he 'ld upbraid their defection
  In a few choice words, as he went,
And expose with a keen predilection
  The crimes of the new Government.

And show that the pig-headed "Classes"
  Were filled with their Tory pride,
While the free intellectual "Masses"
  Were all on the Home Rule side;
Whose cause in its whiteness surpasses
  The purest of snow purified.

But alas! while he still was in bed, it—
  Viz., the snow—came down on the land;
With which, if the papers we credit,
  They snowballed the Old Man Grand.
But it wasn't the "Classes" that did it,
  In this they did *not* have a hand.

It was only the "Masses" (*Proh Mores!*)
  That pelted the Grand Old Man,
Though they say 'twas a plot of the Tories,
  A rascally Unionist plan;
But we're used to their Radical stories,
  They blush not to lie for their clan.

But we care not a whit for their slanders,
  They know not the false from the true:
They are sick like a jade with the glanders,
  They are dying: I care not, (do you?)
If their Chief goes to Florence or Flanders,
  And stays there till all is blue.

EPITAPH ON A COLLIE.[11]

HERE lies of all the friends I ever knew
The one that was most faithful and most true.
Gentle, devoted, frolicksome, and wise,
His soul beamed forth from mute expressive eyes;
Not cross, or changeable, or ill at ease,
As humans often are, or hard to please;
The one thought foremost in his shaggy breast
To do her bidding whom he loved the best,
He lived without a care, without a foe,
And now has gone where all good collies go.
How many a virtue, lost, alas, too soon,
Lies buried in the grave that covers Doone!

GENERAL GORDON.[12]

(January 26th, 1885.)

FAR, far from home and in a nameless grave
Our hero sleeps with those he died to save ;
Yet, though his body lies beyond the sea,
His matchless spirit shall our beacon be
To where his feet the path of duty trod,
Careless of honour, for his care was God.

C. G. G.

GONE art thou, not forgotten ; thy bright bays
  Still in our hearts unwither'd rest,
Thou true Sir Galahad of these later days,
  Found worthy to achieve The Quest.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

WITH the fetters he forged for the vanquish'd we bound him,
  Enslaver of freemen, now slave of the free ;
Fallen and captive with ever around him
  The empire of England, her realm of the sea.

THE PASSION FLOWER.

DEAR emblem of the Passion of our Lord,
By holy men with mystic meaning stored !
Looking with eyes of pious faith on thee,
Our Saviour on His Cross they seemed to see :
The fivefold anthers in their purple pride
Were the five wounds in hands and feet and side ;
There were the piercing nails, the crown of thorn,
The column, where the cruel scourge was borne.
The secrets nature show'd them she denies
To those who look with unbelieving eyes ;
Nor let the worldly-minded laugh, and deem
That such-like fancies are an idle dream ;
For Christ hath taught us how to find conceal'd
Lessons of faith in lilies of the field.

THE MAGI.

(*Set to Music by the Rev. A. H. Stevens, Mus. Bac.*[13])

WHERE is He, whose fiery token,
  Flashing to the Western sea,
Lured us, with a spell unspoken,
  From our homes in far Chaldee?

Seek Him in no royal dwelling,
  In no purple garments swath'd;
With no music round Him swelling,
  Nor in fragrant odours bath'd.

In a stall the Babe reclineth,
  With a manger for His bed;
But a radiant glory shineth
  Round the sleeping Infant's head.

Each one of his bounty offers;
  Costly are the gifts we bring;
Myrrh and incense in our coffers,
  Gold in honour of a King.

Aye, a King, but crowned with anguish,
  Born to be by men betray'd;
Death and hell He last shall vanquish,
  Earth shall be His footstool made.

Give Him of the gifts ye bring Him;
  At His feet your homage pay;
Incense to the God within Him,
  Myrrh against His burying day.

TRANSLATIONS.

HERACLEITUS.

(*From the Greek of Callimachus, circa 250 B.C.*)

THEY told me, Heracleitus, thou wast dead,
  Friend of my early years,
  And brought the silent tears
To my full eyes, as I rememberèd
The converse sweet we held, the frequent walk
That saw the sun go down upon our talk.
But thou, O Carian guest-friend, far away
Long, long ago art dead and turned to clay.
Yet shall thy songs not die, thy nightingales ;
  Their sweet harmonious breath
  Shall mock the power of death,
Whose might resistless o'er all else prevails.

TO A CHILD.

(*From the Greek.*[14])

DARLING, thou hast not died, thou art gone to a better land :
Happy are they that dwell with the blest on that island strand !
There in Elysian bowers thou playest the livelong day,
Sorrow and death are departed, and flowers are round thy way.
Summer nor winter is there, and pain of its power is reft :
Thirst cannot vex thee, nor hunger ; nor is there a longing left
Now for the joys of earth ; for under a crystal dome,
Nigh to the gates of Heaven, thy life is as pure as thy home.

THE PASSION OF LOVE.

(*From the Greek of Sappho, B.C. 600.*[15])

As the high gods, I deem him blest,
Who sits beside thee as thy guest :
'Tis his thine accents sweet to hear,
Thy lovely smile to see—how near !

I saw, and thro' my throbbing heart
I felt the pangs of passion dart ;
And, as I looked, I would have cried,
But rapture kept my utterance tied.

Within my veins the subtle flame
Flowing and ebbing, went and came ;
Then darkness quick mine eyes o'erhung,
My ears with melting murmurs rung.

The moisture bathed my limbs, and now
A shiver blanched my burning brow :
I stood upon the verge of death,
And, dying, gasped away my breath.

THE NAMELESS DEAD.

(*From the Greek of Sappho.*)

DYING, thou shalt die for ever,
  None shall e'er remember thee,
For in life thou pluckedst never
  Roses from Pieria's tree.

Now within dark Hades' portals
  Nameless are thou and unknown,
Flitting with the shades of mortals
  As inglorious as thine own.[16]

THE LOVERS.

(*From the Greek of Sappho.*)

LIKE an apple that hangs from the topmost bough
All rosy and ripe for the tasting, thou,
Half hid by the leaves from the gatherer's eyes,
Art only so near as to tantalize.

Like a hyacinth tall on the mountain side,
Trod down by the shepherd's feet in the clay,
To the earth I have vailed[2] my purple pride,
And my bloom and my beauty have faded away.

TO ASTAR.

(*From the Greek of Plato, circa 400 B.C.*)

MY star, thou gazest on the stars : would I might be
The starry sky to gaze with all its eyes on thee.

CUPID'S VISIT.

From the Greek of an anonymous Author.)

ONCE at midnight's hour, when slowly
  Round Boötes wheels the Bear ;
And when wearied men lie wholly
  Sunk in slumber, free from care—
Then did Love, my lintel shaking,
  Knock upon mine entrance gate.
"Who," cried I, "my slumber breaking,
  Seeks admittance here so late?"
'Open," answered Love, "what fear ye?
  I am but a little child ;
Drenched I am, and cold, and weary,
  And the night is dark and wild."
Pitying him, a lamp I lighted,
  Open threw the entrance door—
There a little child I sighted,
  Quiver, shafts and bow he bore.
Him I brought with mute compassion
  To the chimney corner there,
Chafed his hands, and, in kind fashion,
  Wrung the water from his hair.
"Come," said he, with warmth reviving,
  "Let me try my little bow,
Whether, spite of all contriving,
  Wet hath marred its string or no."
Then he aimed it deftly stringing,
  Pierced me to the very heart ;
Like a gadfly's angry stinging
  Was the tiny arrow's smart.
Up he jumped with joyous laughter :
  "Ha ! my friend, rejoice with me,
  This is none the worse you see,
But your heart shall ache hereafter."

HECTOR CHASED BY ACHILLES.

(*Homer, Il. xxii., 188-204.*)

HOTLY on Hector's steps swift-footed Achilles followed ;
As when a hound follows after the fawn of a stag on the mountains,
Rousing it up from its lair, thro' the valleys and glens he pursues it ;
E'en tho' it cower down, and hide in the thickest coverts,
Yet doth he track it home, nor stays in his chase till he find it.
Thus nowise could Hector escape swift-footed Achilles.
But, as oft as he strove to win to the Trojan gateways,
If so be he might fight with the well-built towers above him,
Whence with arms and darts his friends on the wall might assist him,
Still as oft did Achilles forestall his purpose, and turn him
Plainwards, but he himself ran ever along by the city.
But, as when in a dream the chaser and chased are unable
One to escape and the other to o'ertake him he is chasing,
Thus could the one not escape, nor the other reach him with running.
Scarce then had Hector evaded the doom of death that was nigh him,
Had not Apollo now for the last time standing beside him,
Breathed fresh might in his heart and braced his knees for the running.

THE THEME OF LOVE

(From an anonymous Greek writer.)

OF Atreus' sons I fain would sing,
  And Cadmus, great in story ;
But still my lyre will only ring
  To themes of love—not glory.

Again its erring chords I strung,
  And then renew'd it wholly,
But, while of Herakles I sung,
  Of Love it answered solely.

Adieu, heroic names, adieu !
  Farewell to you for ever !
My lyre to love is only true,
  And nought may them dissever.

CLEARISTA.[17]

(From the Greek of Meleager, B.C. 60.)

NO bridal thine, for Death the bridegroom came
And loosed the girdle of thy maiden shame.
But now at eve was heard the merry flute,
And knockings at thy chamber-door in play:
With morn came wailing, and the song was mute,
And hushed in sorrow died each roundelay;
And the same torches lit thee to the dead
Which late had shone around thy bridal bed.

NIOBE.[18]

(From the Greek of Julian.)

WITH vain protecting hands
About her children thrown,
Yon marble Niobe stands,
And seems almost to moan.
Blame not man's art and say,
It lacks but life alone,
For the marble doth portray
A Niobe of stone.

LEONIDAS.

(From the Greek of Philippus, circa 60 A.D.)

WHEN Xerxes saw Leonidas, self-doomed,
  Beneath the Persian dead entomb'd,
His crimson mantle, as he proudly passed,
  Upon the fallen king he cast.
But from the dead the hero's voice arose,
  Still fraught with terror for his foes.
"Nay, not for me! The traitor and the slave
  May kiss the gifts they stoop to crave;
My tomb's fair ornament shall only be
  The simple shield that sheltered me.
Take back thy Persian presents: I will go
  A Spartan to the shades below."

WITH YOUR SHIELD, OR UPON IT.

(From an anonymous Greek writer.)

WHEN to your mother, a recreant from the field,
You fled, Demetrius, without sword or shield,
She with the shame, which Spartan mothers feel,
Drove through thy side herself the sudden steel.
"Die now!" she cried; "Be Sparta free from blame,
Not hers the fault that you from my womb came."

THERMOPYLÆ.

(*From the Greek of Simonides, 500 B.C.*)

FAIR was their lot, and glorious their doom,
Who at Thermopylæ died ;
Theirs is an altar for a tomb,
For tears remembrance, and for pity pride.
Corruption hath no power
O'er their heritage of fame ;
Time, that all things doth devour,
No empire here may claim.
The grave of these brave men contains
The glory of all Greece,
And Lacedæmon's king still reigns,
Leaving behind to us on earth
A witness true of royal worth,
A name and fame that ne'er shall cease.

CHÆRONEA : 338 B.C.

(*From the Greek of Demosthenes.*[19])

THOSE who for their fatherland the sword in battle drew,
Dying for their country, ne'er their foemen's triumph knew.
Life they freely render'd, fearless in their fear of shame,
Choosing death the umpire and the guardian of their fame ;
Theirs to fight for Hellas, that her freeborn sons should ne'er
Hear a foeman's insults or a foeman's bondage bear.
In their country's arms they sleep who toil'd for her so hard ;
Such for men, whate'er their deeds, is God's unchang'd award.
Only He can never fail, whose wisdom hath no end ;
Man must still abide the fate which He alone can send.

THE PRAYER OF PROMETHEUS.

(*Æsch. Prom. V. ll. 88 ff.*)

THOU lucent Air, ye Winds so swift of motion,
Ye Springs, whence mighty streams arise,
Ye Billows of the restless Ocean,
Whose ceaseless laughter in the distance dies ;
And, O great Earth, dear mother of us all,
And Thou, all-seeing Circle of the Sun,
For thee too do I call.
See, see what guerdon I a God from Gods have won.
Behold me with what tortures torn !
From morn till eve, from dark to dawn,
Till twice five thousand years are past,
My agony must last.
Such shameful bondage hath he found for me,
The new-made Lord of earth and sea.
Alas ! a heavy doom is mine to-day,
And mine from morrow unto morrow,
And only Zeus himself may say
What shall be my term of sorrow.

TYPHON.

(Æsch. Prom. V. ll. 351 ff.)

WITH pity too these eyes of mine beheld
Typhon, who in Cilician caverns dwelled,
Earth's furious son and Heaven's portentous foe,
In ruin with his hundred heads brought low;
Who, hissing terror from his upturned jaws,
Alone against the Gods maintained his cause,
And, lightning flashing from his angry eyes,
Thought Zeus's realm to seize, an easy prize.
But lo! upon him, ere he knew, there came
The sleepless bolt of Zeus with falling flame,
Which quelled the empty boastings of his tongue,
And, piercing to his very heart's core, flung
The boaster, scorched and shattered, to the earth.
And now beside the Ocean's narrow firth
Prostrate he lies a useless sprawling hulk
Caught like a mouse with Ætna's grinding bulk;
Where stands Hephaistus' forge, whence one far day
Fountains of pent-up fire shall leap, and prey
With cruel jaws upon the level plain
Of fertile Sicily. In such fierce wise
Shall Typhon make his seething fury rise
With bursts of hot insatiate fiery rain.

PROMETHEUS DEFIES ZEUS.

(Æsch. Prom. V. 1061 ff.)

ERE this slave his tale repeated,
  Well I knew my coming woes,
Nor is't strange if foes be treated
  Evil at the hand of foes.

Wherefore let the keen-edged levin,
  Wreathed with fire, be round me cast,
Be the sky with thunder riven
  And the fierce tornado's blast.

Let the wind, earth's dark womb rending,
  Rock its prison's stony bars,
Ocean's angry billows blending
  With the pathways of the stars.

Let Zeus take me up and hurl me
  Down to Hell's profoundest gloom,
Into Fate's strong eddies whirl me,
  Yet shall death not be my doom.

* * * *

Aye and lo! the earth is shaken
  Now in deed and not in word,
And the deep-toned echoes waken,
  As the thunder's voice is heard.

Fierce the forky lightning flashes,
  Whirlwinds sweep the dust on high;
Wind on wind in fury dashes
  Warring through the vasty sky.

Sea and sky are blent together,
  In such wise ye all may see
Zeus, the Lord of wind and weather,
  Sends his storms to frighten me.

Oh majestic Earth that bore me!
  Oh thou common Light divine!
Oh thou Ether vaulted o'er me!
  See, oh see what wrongs are mine!

THE GRASSHOPPER.

(From the Greek of an anonymous Author.)

MERRY grig, we envy you
  On the twig-top swinging,
Drunk with drops of honey-dew,
  Like a monarch singing.
Thine to dwell in are the fields,
  Bush and blade and flower;
All that every season yields—
  Is it not thy dower?
Loved thou art by husbandmen
  For thy harmless humming,
Herald dear to mortals when
  Summer sweet is coming.
To the Muses thou art dear,
  Phœbus for thee careth,
His thy gifts of music clear,
  Which e'en old age spareth.
Wise and lover of the lay,
  Sprung from earth thy mother;
Bloodless, passionless as they,
  To the gods twin brother.

THE CHARACTER OF THE PERFECT MAN.

(From Marcus Aurelius's Thoughts IV. 30.)

SEE thou assume not the prince, nor be thou dyed, as have some been,
Deep with the Cæsar-dye ; but be thou simple and upright,
Pure, unaffected, and serious, a lover of justice and gentle,
Pious, affectionate, true, and manful in well-doing ever.
Strive to be always such as philosophy minded to make thee ;
Pay to the Gods due worship and lend a hand to thy neighbours.
Short is life, and on earth this only 's the harvest of living,
Righteous desires of heart and in act goodwill to our fellows.
Be in all things a disciple of Antoninus : remember
How in all rational acts he was constant, how even in all things,
Righteous in heart, in face how serene ! Aye think of his sweetness,
Utter contempt for the bubble of fame, and his passion for knowledge,
Urging him ever to scrutinize things till he clearly conceived them :
Keep in mind how he bore with those who blamed him unfairly,
Blaming not them in return ; how he never did aught in a hurry,
Gave no ear to a slander, and with what nicety tested
Actions and manners ; no finder of faults, nor terrified lightly,
Not a suspicious man, nor a sophist ; how little sufficed him,
Whether of lodging or bed, of dress or food or of servants.
What a hard worker he was, and how long-suffering always,
Steadfast too as a friend, not changeable, gently forbearing
Those who opposed him freely ; and think too how gladly he hailed it,
If a man set him right ; how free from all superstition,
Yet godfearing, he was : aye follow all this, that thy last hour
Find thee as much at peace with thyself, as tranquil, as he was.

HORACE: ODES I. 7.

YOU see how deep, how white, the snow
  Soracte's brow doth wear ;
The forest's groaning branches now
  The weight no longer bear,
  And every little rill,
  Chok'd with the frost, is still.

Heap up the hearth, and thaw the cold,
  To spare the logs were sin ;
E'en with more bounty than of old
  Broach now the Sabine bin,
  Of two years old at least,
  O Ruler of the Feast.

Leave to the God the rest : when He
  Hath lulled the stormy breath
Of winds upon the boiling sea
  Contending to the death,
  Then ash and cypress stand
  Unstirred throughout the land.

Seek not to know the future, what
  To-morrow hath in store,
But count it gain, whatever lot
  Is thine, and ask no more.
  Sweet loves, the dance, the song—
  To boyhood these belong.

When youth and spring thy sinews brace,
  Nor crabbèd age is near,
Enjoy the tilt, the game, the race,
  Or, whisper'd in the ear,
  Soft talk with some dear maid
  Beneath the trysting shade.

Enjoy the laughter's merry peal
  From yon far corner borne,
That doth the lurking girl reveal,
  Or a bright forfeit torn
  From finger or from wrist,
  That feigns but to resist.

HORACE: ODES II. 7.

SEPTIMIUS, who with me wouldst gladly go
To Gades or the untam'd Cantabrian foe,
To the dread Syrtes, where the ocean's roar
  Sounds ever on the Moorish shore.

Let Tibur, planted with an Argive race,
Be my old age's only dwelling-place ;
That goal once reached, I'll sail the seas no more,
  Weary of marching and of war.

But if an envious fate that choice refuse
Then, fair Galaesus, thy dear stream I choose,
Loved by the skin-clad sheep, the wide domain
  That own'd Phalanthus' Spartan reign.

That corner of the earth still smiles for me
Beyond all lands ; Hymettus yields the bee
No sweeter honey, nor Venafrum e'en
  Can show an olive quite so green.

Long are the springs, so kindly Jove doth will,
The winters there are warm, nor Aulon's hill,
To fruitful Bacchus dear, in envy pines
  For clusters from Falernian vines.

That little spot, that fortress free from care,
For thee and me was meant ; thou one day there
Upon thy poet-friend's still smoking bier
  Wilt drop the tribute of a tear.

HORACE: ODES II. 16.

CAUGHT on the wide Ægean's stormy seas,
The trembling sailor craves the Gods for ease,
  When clouds the moon's bright circle hide,
    Nor stars are there to guide.

For ease craves Thrace that revels in the fray,
For ease the Parthian with his quiver gay,
  O Grosphus, ease no gold can buy
    Nor gems nor purple dye.

No consul's lictor and no rich man's purse
Can bid our haunting crowd of cares disperse,
  That vex the soul and find a home
    Beneath the fretted dome.

Well does the man, though humbly, live, for whom
A silver salt-cellar, his sole heirloom,
  Shines on the board, whose easy rest
    Nor greed nor fears molest.

Since short our lives, why aim so oft, so high?
Why leave our own to seek another sky?
  No exile from himself can flee,
    E'en though he cross the sea.

Fell care can climb the vessel's armoured side,
Behind the horseman on his steed can ride;
  Less swift are roes; east winds less strong
    That drive the clouds along.

Glad with the present, let the heart awhile
Forget the future, and with patient smile
  Make sorrow sweet ; no earthly joy
    Is free from all alloy.

Swift death cut short Achilles' glorious day,
Tithonus wasted with old age away,
  And Time perhaps will give to me
    What it denies to thee.

A hundred herds, Sicilia's choicest breed,
Around you low ; for you the whinnying steed
  Is trained, and Afric's purple rare
    Thrice stains the wool you wear.

A touch of genius from the Greek muse born,
A few small acres, and the pride to scorn
  The carping rabble—these my prize
    From Fate that never lies.

THE OLD YACHT.[20]

(Catullus IV.)

SWIFTEST of barks she used to be,
So says that yacht, my friends, you see :
No timber swam so fleet soe'er
That could in speed with her compare,
Whether with rival oars they raced,
Or canvas to the breezes braced.
And this must Adria's threatening seas
Confess, and all the Cyclades,
Famed Rhodes and Thracia's frowning land,
Propontis, and the Pontic Strand,
Where she—that yacht in days to be—
Stood up a leafy woodland tree,
That, planted on Cytorus' side,
With rustling foliage softly sighed.
Amastris, on thy Pontic rocks,
Cytorus, with thy hills of box,
To thee well known, my yacht avers,
Has been and is this tale of hers ;
Upon thy brow she says she stood
In earliest infancy a wood,
And hanselled in thy waves her oars,
And bore her master from thy shores—
O'er many a strange and boisterous sea,
Whether a fair wind following free
From left or right bade her be fleet,
Or equal fell on either sheet.
No vows were made for her, she boasts,
To any God that guards the coasts,
When from the sea to this clear bay
For the last time she took her way.
All this is past ; her toil now o'er
She rests in peace upon the shore,
And gives herself an offering due
Twin Castor, and thy Twin, to you.

POMPEY'S DREAM.

(*Lucan VII. 7 ff.*)

BUT night, the one short span to Magnus left
Of life yet happy, with an idle dream
Beguiled his troubled slumbers into rest.
For seated lo! in his own theatre
He seemed in shadowy semblance to behold
The thronging multitudes that people Rome,
And hear his own name borne aloft to heaven
On joyous voices, tier vying with tier
In thunders of acclaim. Such to his eyes
Had been the people's aspect, to his ears
Such their loud welcome, when in days gone by,
In manhood's prime and flushed with triumph won
O'er nations conquered where the Ebro rolls
His torrent, and o'er whatsoever arms
Outlaw'd Sertorius gathered to the war,
The West all quiet, 'mid the Senate's cheers
He took his seat, though still a Roman knight,
No less majestic in his simple garb
Than in his robe of triumph. Such his dream,
Whether, ere Glory passed away, in fear
Of woes to come it fled to happier hours;
Or whether sleep, that loves to tangle thought,
With good forecasting ill, by visions bright
Portended warnings of impending doom;
Or whether Fortune, that forbad her slave
To see his native land again, thus brought
For one short moment Rome before his eyes.
Break not his sleep, ye sentries of the camp,
Let no rude clarion wound his weary ears.
Haggard enough to-morrow's rest will be,
And, laden with the sorrow of the day,
Will bring in visions to his soul once more
The broken battle and the tide of war.

THE SHORES OF STYX.

(*Vergil Æn. VI. 303 ff.*)

HITHER the crowd of Shades to the banks ran thronging together—
Many a high-souled hero whose work on the earth was accomplish'd,
Matrons, and sires, and boys, and maids unwedded, and children
Laid on the funeral pyre by the sorrowing hands of their parents.
Thick as the withered leaves, when touched by the frosts of the autumn,
Fall in the woods, as thick as the birds flock landward, when winter
Drives them over the sea in search of a sunnier climate,
Thus they stood and prayed to be first in their passage over,
Yearning with hands outstretched for the further shore. But the boatman
Sternly among them chooses now these now those for the crossing,
Others he chases far, nor lets them stay by the margin.
Then did Æneas indeed, his wonder stirr'd by the tumult,
Say : O maid, what means this throng on the banks of the river?
What do the souls seek here, and by what law are they sunder'd,
Some from the margin chased and some o'er the dark waves ferried?
Unto him then in brief did the aged priestess answer :
O Son of Anchises, undoubted Offspring of Heaven,
This you behold is the Stygian mere, and the pools of Cocytus
(Even the gods dare not by the river of Styx swear falsely),
Charon the ferryman yonder; the buried are those whom he carries;
But they come not down to the aweful brink, nor are ferried
Over the roaring stream, till their bones in the grave rest hidden.
Flitting a hundred years not far from the margin they wander,
Then when their time is o'er, they return to the stream that they long for.

THE NEW GOLDEN AGE.

(*Vergil Eclog. IV. 34 ff.*)

THEN shall a Tiphys again be seen, and an Argo shall carry
Many a chosen chief, and the wars of old shall be re-warred :
Aye, to a second Troy shall a mighty Achilles be summoned.
Then, when time shall have braced this newborn child to his manhood,
Sailors no more on the sea shall sail ; no more shall the pine-ship
Barter its wares abroad, for the earth shall be fruitful of all things.
Nor shall the ground by the harrow be torn, or the vine by the pruner,
Loos'd shall the yoke, too, be from the necks of the patient oxen.
Need will there no more be for the wool to bear hues that it owns not,
For each ram will dye his fleece as he roams in the pastures,
Now with a saffron tint and now with the softest purple.
Lambs will be clad as they feed with a natural raiment of crimson.
"Run," to their spindles murmured the Sisters, that utter in concert
All that is fixed by Fate, "Run on, ye blissfullest Ages.
Take thy power and reign, for now is the time appointed.
Germ of a Jove Almighty, belovèd Offspring of Heaven,
See how the huge round World is rocked and reels at thine advent,
Earth and the Air's deep vault, and the broad expanse of the Ocean;
See, in joy at the newborn age all Nature is smiling."

AUSONIUS—EPIGRAM XXII.

A MAN, who hanging had in mind,
  A hidden treasure spied:
The gold he took, and left behind
  The noose that he had tied.

The miser came and saw his gold
  Had vanish'd from the ground,
And round his own neck straight did fold
  The noose that there he found.

JULIAN'S EPIGRAM TO BEER.[21]

WHAT Dionysus art thou? whence sprung? By Bacchus, the true one
  I recognize thee not: Jove's is the child that I know.
He hath the bouquet of nectar, but thou smellest rank; can it be that
  Gaul, in her lack of grapes, made thee of barley instead?
Bacchus I will not call thee then, John Barleycorn rather:
  Lord of the vine no more, hail to thee, father of Ale!

ARRIUS.

(*Catullus*: 84.)

WHEN winnings was what Arrius meant,
'Twas w*h*innings he would say;
And as for uttering ambushment,
Why, *h*ambush was the way;
A miracle he thought it, if he made
But ambush into *h*ambuscade.
Why not? The mother was the same,
The mother's father, and his wife,
And uncle "Freeman" couldn't frame
A single aitch to save his life.
What bliss when Arrius was to Syria sent!
Our ears had rest, and we content.
No more we thought to hear those awful sounds,
When lo, the tidings struck us dumb—
The Ionian Sea, since he had crossed its bounds,
The Hionian Hocean had become.

THE BROOK.[22]

(From the German of Goethe.)

WITH waters clear and silver-bright,
  O gentle little river,
Thou stayest not by day nor night
  But runnest on for ever.

Upon thy brink I linger now,
  And, as I watch thee flowing,
I think and think, whence comest thou,
  And whither art thou going?

I come forth from my secret bed
  Within the rock's dark bosom,
And mosses in my way are spread
  And many a fragrant blossom.

Upon the mirror of my breast,
  In sapphire semblance glancing,
The likeness of high heaven doth rest,
  As bright and as entrancing.

A child's sweet ignorance of care,
  And childhood's thoughts I borrow,
That bear me on, I know not where,
  To some mysterious morrow.

Yet will I still believe that He,
  Who in the rock did hide me,
Will in my path, where'er it be,
  Not now neglect to guide me.

PROMETHEUS.

(*From the German of Oscar Welten.*[23])

WITH his thousand years of anguish
  Weary, fettered to the height,
Sunk in slumber lies Prometheus,
  He who stole the heavenly light.

Aye, he sleeps ; his firm lips soften,
  See a smile about them plays !
At the rapture of his vision
  E'en the Gods in wonder gaze.

Rock and gyve are riven ; lifeless
  Lies the eagle, gorged at last ;
And the wounds are healed that gangren'd
  For a thousand winters past.

Comes at last the long'd for freedom !
  Gods ! can ye that longing show?
Nay ! Your nature knows no changing ;
  Human hearts—they ebb and flow.

On Olympus, thron'd for ever—
  Endless pomp and endless glare—
But the light ye know not, see not,
  For there is no darkness there.

Ever revelling in enjoyment,
  Zest of joy ye never know ;
Poor Gods ! Who to you would offer
  Human hearts that ebb and flow?

Poor Gods ! Better dream of freedom
  If but what one night reveals,
Than be always free and feel not
  All the bliss that freedom feels !

So Prometheus dreams, selfknowing,
  Moulding Gods themselves that know ;
Hark ! A whirr—the eagle hungers !
  Human hearts must ebb and flow.

INTRODUCTION TO GOETHE'S FAUST.

(*From the German.*)

YE floating forms, ye throng upon my sight,
That oft ere now my troubled eyes have seen :
Shall I seek now at last to clasp you tight ?
To that fond longing doth my fancy lean ?
Nearer ye come ! I yield me to your might,
As from the mist ye gaze with wistful mien.
Youth's buoyant hopes within my bosom rise
Beneath the sweet calm influence of your earnest eyes.

Ye bring with you the light of other days,
And many a lovelit phantom hovers nigh ;
And like the haunting cadence of old lays
First love comes back, and friendship long gone by.
We feel new pain ; we heave once more the sigh,
Doom'd still to thread life's labyrinthine maze ;
And think of those who died before their time,
Bereft by envious fate of all their golden prime.

Alas ! they hear not these my latest lays,
Those souls, for whom I sang my songs of yore ;
That loving band is scattered divers ways,
And the first answering echoes are no more.
In unknown ears my melodies I pour,
My soul can find no solace in their praise ;
But those who once took pleasure in my song,
If yet they live, are lost 'mid earth's unnumber'd throng.

There comes, so long unfelt, the utter straining
For the rapt stillness of the spirit-shore ;
Like winds o'er strange Æolian chords complaining,
My accents sink, and rise, and sink once more.
Great awe is on me : tears on tears are raining,
And my strong heart is softened to the core,
All that I am is but an empty dream,
And only the lost past my very own may seem.

FAREWELL OF THE DANISH EXILE.

(From the German of Theodor Sturm.)

NAY, not a word, unless my heart vibrateth
  In every fibre to the words I say:
The minutes fly, the carriage ready waiteth
  That soon shall bear me from my home away.

Farewell!—the deed is yours for ye devised it—
  Go, cancel what your heart once bade you do;
And buy, if not too dearly ye have prized it,
  Whate'er may make this land a home to you.

Yet I my country's voice have ne'er mistaken,
  Though few and faint with pain her accents be:
Her silent graves—I claim them, though forsaken;
  Though choked with weeds, they yet are dear to me.

And thou, who eyest me with looks so wistful,
  (Oh, blessed be the day that made thee mine!)
Lay but thy heart on my heart, and be trustful,
  Our hearts have one beat only, mine and thine.

Fresh blows the breeze, our children stand and listen,
  As from the shore comes up the sea-mew's cry;
There roar the breakers! there the white waves glisten!
  You know them well, we oft have wandered by.

In these last moments, leaning on my shoulder,
  Look once more o'er this land so broad and fair,
And mark it well—ye young ones as ye older—
  Where'er we wander, that our *home* is *there*.

We leave it now, till, from the darkness dawning,
  A brighter day shall chase away the gloom ;
For now our land, its native children scorning,
  For strangers only, and their slaves, hath room.

And this I pray, with all a patriot's yearning,
  That you one day—what fate to me denies—
With footsteps firm may tread this soil returning,
  From which I scarce can tear my burning eyes.

And thou, my child, my youngest, loved so dearly,
  Whose cradle still on this sweet earth doth stand,
Hear me, for all else is but falsehood merely,
  No man can live without a Fatherland.

And though not yet thy little child's soul taketh
  The solemn meaning which my words convey,
Yet shall they shake thee as a shudder shaketh,
  And like a pulse-beat through thy being play.

THE LORELEI.

(*From the German of Heine.*)

A FEELING of sadness comes o'er me,
  I know not what it may mean ;
But in fancy there flashes before me
  A tale of the days that have been.

Cool spreadeth the darkening heaven,
  And softly the Rhine doth flow ;
While still in the glory of even
  The crests of the mountain glow.

The beautiful maiden reclineth
  Aloft on the crystal stair ;
Her raiment of wrought gold shineth,
  She combeth her golden hair.

Her comb is of gold that glistens,
  And ever a song she sings,
Which over the wretch who listens
  A spell of enchantment flings.

The sailor his own bark steering,
  Is struck with a sudden amaze :
He sees not the sunk rocks nearing,
  His eyes on the maiden gaze.

Ah me ! in the dark flowing river
  Both sailor and bark disappear !
So singeth the maiden ever,
  And woe to the ears that hear !

THE WANDERER IN THE SAW-MILL.

(*From the German of Körner.*)

WITHIN the mill, beside the burn,
  I sat in blissful quiet,
And saw the mighty mill-wheel turn,
  And watched the waters riot.

And watched the sawblades glance and shine,
  With eyes of dreamy wonder,[24]
As through the stout heart of a pine
  They clove their way asunder.

The pine, methought, to life awoke,
  A voice she seemed to borrow;
And, every fibre trembling, spoke
  These chanted words of sorrow:

"In happy hour thy feet have strayed,
  O stranger, hither wending,
And thou art he, for whom this blade
  My very heart is rending:

Aye he, for whom this wood of mine,
  Thy few short wanderings over,
When earth's soft arms about thee twine,
  Thy sleeping limbs shall cover."

Four planks fell, and the weight of woe
  Upon my heart grew stronger:
I fain had lisped one word, when lo!
  The mill-wheel turned no longer.

THE GRAVE.

(*From the German of Richter.*)

THE grave is deep and soundless,
  Its brink is deadly cold;
A land unknown and boundless
  Its shadowy veil doth fold.

No nightingale's sweet singing
  Is heard within the ground,
And Love, its roses bringing,
  Decks but the mossy mound.

In vain, O brides forsaken,
  Ye wring your hands for woe;
Your orphans' cries awaken
  No answer from below.

Yet only there for mortals
  The longed-for rest may come,
And through the grave's dark portals
  We tread the pathway home.

By storms without all number
  The poor heart battered sore
Yearns for that dreamless slumber
  Where it shall beat no more.

THE PILGRIM OF LIFE.

(*From the German of Schiller.*)

It was in life's early morning
  When I wandered forth to roam,
And, youth's joyous dances scorning,
  Lightly left my father's home.

From my heritage I parted,
  Glad in faith gave up the whole ;
Then with pilgrim-staff I started,
  Trustful as a child in soul.

In my heart a mighty yearning,
  Faith's dim voice within my ear :
" Yon broad road has no returning.
  Onward ! till the end be near,

Till within the golden portal
  Thou at last shalt welcomed be,
Where the earthly and the mortal
  Put on immortality."

Evening fell, and then 'twas morning,
  But for me there came no rest,
And no guiding star was dawning
  O'er my pathway and my quest.

Mountain summits tower'd o'er me,
  But I spanned each chasm wide ;
And each stream that rolled before me
  Safely bridged from side to side.

Then I reached a river, hasting
  Onward to the Eastern sea ;
In its waves my body casting,
  " This (I said) my guide shall be."

To a mighty sea it bore me
  Swiftly on its seething breast,
Void the ocean lay before me,
  Nowise nearer was my quest.

O'er the gulf no bridge is carried,
  And the heaven that seems so near
Never to the earth is married,
  And the *there* is never *here.*

LIFE.[25]

(From the German of Goethe.)

LIFE on earth is likened nearly
  To the mason's homely trade ;
And the acts of men are merely
  As the buildings that are made
  With the trowel and the spade.

In the future lie unwoken,
  Joy and sorrow, dark and bright ;
Step by step, yet still unshaken,
  Pass we on in all men's sight
  Slowly forwards to the light.

But the veil still hangs before us
  Lower yet and yet more low ;
Awe forbids to lift it. O'er us
  All the stars in silence glow,
  Silent are the graves below.

Look we closer ; gazing nearer,
  In the hero's heart we see
Wandering shudders, feelings clearer,
  Thoughts of all that is to be,
  Felt and pondered earnestly.

Still to hear our heart rejoices
  Spirit-whispers far away,
Still to hear the master's voices
  Bidding us "no more delay;
  Be the good your strength and stay !

In eternal silence woven
  Crowns are here for great and small,
Which for him that's worthy proven
  With full blessing fraught will fall.
  Hope then, brothers : hope on all ! "

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

(*From the German of G. Pfizer.*)

SLOWLY the people stream'd to the plain of Elis together,
Stay'd by the truce of God was even the bitterest feud.
Strength and grace there wrestled ; the fleeting applause of the moment
Deepen'd the hard-drawn breath, but stiffen'd the sinews to steel ;
Goaded the steed to his swiftest flight, for he knew that a hero,
Man no more but immortal, rode in the conqueror's car.
Loudly the victor's name rang out thro' the cities of Hellas,
Wholly beyond all price was even a single crown.
Poets disdained not to hallow the bodily feat with their music,
Under the ironshod hoof flashed forth the bright sparkle of song
Thus, by their guardian gods and bards misled and encouraged,
They whose life was a sport took sport for the business of life.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

(*From the German.*[26])

WHERE, O wanderer, weary-laden,
Shall the last long rest be thine?
Under palm-trees in some Aidenn?[26]
Under lindens on the Rhine?

Shall I lie with scant earth sprinkled
In some waste by stranger's hands?
Or where ocean's verge is wrinkled
With ribb'd lines of silver sand?

Nay, I care not! God's own heaven
There, as here, will swathe me dead,
And for funeral lamps at even
Stars be lit above my head.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

A STRONG Rock is our God indeed,
  A good Sword and Defender,
With fear perplex'd, in utmost need,
  He saves us from surrender.
    The old Serpent-foe
    Means to work us woe,
    Armèd for the fight
  With endless craft and might :
His like on earth there is not.

Our own poor might, do all we can,
  From ruin could not save us,
Came He not down, the One True Man
  Whom God in mercy gave us.
    Would'st thou know who came ?
    Jesus Christ his name :
    God of Hosts is He ;
  None other God can be.
He conquers and will conquer !

Though earth be full of devils made,
  That seek, like wolves, to rend us,
Yet fear we not, nor be dismayed,
  Still victory shall attend us.
    Though with threat'ning hand
    This world's Prince shall stand,
    We can scorn the blow.
  For why ? 'Tis ordered so
That one small word can foil him.

Yea, spite of him that word shall stand
  (No thanks to him be given !)
For God is ever at our hand
  With gifts of grace from Heaven.
    Wealth, fame, children, wife,
    Let him take, and life !
    Let each pleasure die !
  Our Foe gains nought thereby,
For ours shall be the Kingdom.

THE THREE KINGS.

(*From the German of Peter Cornelius.*

THREE Kings come forth from the morning land ;
They follow a star to the Jordan-strand.
Through Judah the Three in their journeying
Still ask and seek for the new-born King.
Gold, incense, and myrrh are the offerings meet
They fain would lay at the Child's own feet.

And brightly before them beckons the star ;
They enter the stable, those Kings from far ;
With wonder and rapture the Babe they see,
And the Kings pay homage on bended knee ;
In their royal bounty with gold they greet,
With incense and myrrh, that Baby sweet.

O Child of Man ! step onward, step true !
As the three Kings journeyed, so journey you !
The Star of Love, shedding grace on the soul,
Will lighten your path, if the Lord be your goal ;
And, failing gold, incense and myrrh, as is meet
Offer humbly your heart to the Babe so sweet,
Your heart at His feet.

SUNSET.

(*From the French of Leconte de Lisle.*)

LIKE murmurs of far seas, the autumn wind,
  Full of strange sighs and mournfullest adieus,
  Sweeps sadly down the giant avenues,
With thy rich blood, O Sun, incarnadin'd.

The leaves in eddies dance along the glade,
  And see, how, rocking in the damask shower,
  Till evening lull them with her magic power,
Huge nests loom purple in the branching shade.

Fall, glorious star, day's spring, and lamp of light!
  Like cloth of gold thy dying splendour glows,
  As love from some heroic bosom flows.
Die then: we know thy birth shall be as bright.
But how shall life and light and voice be given
Anew to hearts which sorrow once hath riven?

EXPECTATION.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

SQUIRREL, mount thine oak with speed,
  Where its topmost branch upspringing
  Sways and trembles like a reed.
Stork to thine old towers clinging,
With thy wafting pinion sweep,
  From the minster and thy nest,
  To the castle's loftier crest,
From clock-tower to donjon keep !
Aged eagle, leave thine eyrie
  On the hoary mountain's brow,
  Silver'd with eternal snow.
And thou lark, so brisk and airy,
  Whom the morning never found
  Voiceless on the dewy ground,
Skyward flutter higher, higher ;
  Aye and from the oak-top now,
From the marble turret's spire,
  From high hill and sky's red glow,
Through the dark horizon gleaming
  See a plume that waves above,
See below a hot steed steaming ;
  See, he comes, my love, my love !

LIFE.

(From the French of Léon Montenachen.)

OUR life is vain :
A little play,
A little pain,
And then—good day !

Short is life's scope :
A moment's flight
We dream, we hope,
And then—good night !

PERUVIAN SONG.[27]

O WONDROUS Earth, O Maiden,
  But oh, how fair and free!
And with no sorrow laden,
  My song I sing to thee.

From thy deep heart the fountains
  With youthful laughter flow,
Till winter leaves the mountains
  And chokes thy voice with snow.

Yet shall they wake from slumber
  And carol as of yore;
And thou wilt then remember
  Thy sorrows past no more.

No perils then shall frighten,
  How great soe'er they be;
And all thy face shall brighten
  O'er hill and vale and lea.

Each broad majestic river,
  Bound on its ceaseless race,
Shall steal the tears that ever
  Fall on thy furrowed face.

My tears are falling, falling,
  From morn till eventide:
The rain is thine for calling,
  What need of tears beside?

Yet though my heart is breaking
  With every weary sigh,
Thou waitest calm, unaching,
  O Earth, to see me die.

DIRGE OF SETI-MENEPTAH.[28]

(*Pharoah's First-born.*)

O Bearer of the Fan in youth,
  Who stoodest at the King's right hand,
  O Prince, the Heir of all the land,
In Seb's great hall, the Scribe of Truth.

Thy lips were full of grace ; to thee
  The King gave all his love and trust.
  O Horus, lover of the just,
Thy years on earth a thousand be !

Within the City of the Dead
  Thou dwellest on the Mount, whose queen
  Is on the West of Thebes, serene ;
Thy soul, in mystic union wed

With all the Spirits of the Blest,
  With them renews its youth once more,
  Arrived upon that blissful shore
Where live the Perfected in rest

The sacred bark with thee did glide
  Beyond the portals of the tomb ;
  Then spake the God thy happy doom—
" Fear not, for thou art justified."

RAMESES THE GREAT PRAYS TO HIS FATHER, THE GOD AMMON.

(*From the Epic of Pentaour, the Egyptian Homer.*[29])

SPAKE then Ramessu the King, "where art thou Ammon, my father?
Is there a sire that denies his son? Hast *thou* been forgotten,
Father, in all I have wrought? Have I looked not to thine aid always,
Doing, or leaving undone? Have I kept not thy words and commandments,
Starting not from thy counsels aside, thou Sovran of Egypt?
Thou that humblest the nations that rise up against and defy thee,
What are these Hittites here for thee to be mindful of them?
Ammon doth bring those low that know not God. Have I raised not
Monuments many in number to thee, have I filled not thy temples
Ever with spoils? Have I built not a house to thine honour,
Lasting while time shall last? Have I heaped not thy shrine with my treasures,
Given all lands to thy service, and beasts for thy sacrifice alway,
Thrice ten thousand bulls, and fragrant wood for the burning,
Savour of incense sweet from mine own hands rising? I built thee,
After the court of thy house, two pylons of stone for thy gateway,
Evergreen groves too around them, and from Elephantinè carried
Obelisks fashioned for thee of indestructible granite,
Guiding the ships on the sea that brought thee the labour of all lands.
When in the days that are past were such things told of? I call thee,
Ammon, my father; a myriad foes are around me, and nations
Compass me in on every side, none standeth beside me;
Horseman and footman have left me, I call for their aid but they hear not,
Loud though I cry. Yet Ammon is worth to me millions of soldiers,
Thousands and thousands of horse, ten thousand children and brothers.

Thus I prayed, and my prayer came out to Hermonthis, and Ammon
Heard my cry when I called, and he put forth his hand to assist me.
Gladdened was I thereat ; his words in mine ears rang clearly :
Lo, I am with thee, my son ; fear not Ramessu Miammon !
Ra, thy father, is with thee, his hand shall uphold thee in danger.
More am I worth unto thee than thousands and thousands of soldiers.
I am the Sovran Lord, the Dispenser of Victory : valour,
Valour is my delight, I joy in the valiant-hearted.

MOHAMMED IBN ABU AMIR ALMANSUR.[30]

He lives no more ; yet have his deeds bequeathed
So proud a memory to the earth below,
That, hearing these, we cannot choose but know
The very hero as he lived and breathed.

We ne'er shall see his like again to wield
The conquering sword of Islam, and to stand,
The glorious guardian of his native land,
Himself her sire, her shelter, and her shield.

AT CROSS-ROADS—AND PURPOSES.

(*After a picture in* PUNCH.[36])

A SQUINTING daughter with her sire colliding,
"Look where you're going, can't you?" crossly cries:
Her cross-eyed sire, his cycle deftly guiding,
"Go where you're looking," with a smile replies.

EX MALIS VINUM DAT SALUTEM.

(*A burglar, who had entered a house to rob it, was found in the morning drunk in the cider cellar.*[36])

IN orchards shrin'd of yore, from Roman homes
Priapus scared the thief with mien divine:
From orchards our more potent spirit comes,
A bottle in the cellar is his shrine.

FELICES ERRORE SUO.

OBLITA Circaeis oculos Titania sucis
Delicias gremio credit habere suas.
Eripite errorem: perit oblectamen inane;
Quid prodest? cernit dedecus atque dolet.

TRANSLATIONS

INTO

GREEK AND LATIN.

FROM THE "ERECHTHEUS."

FIRST the lord,
Whose wheels make lightnings of the foam-flowered sea,
Here on this rock, whose height brow-bound with dawn
Is head and heart of Athens, one sheer blow
Struck, and beneath the triple wound, that shook
The stony sinews and stark roots of the earth,
Sprang toward the sun a sharp salt fount, and sank
Where lying it lights the heart up of the hill,
A well of bright strange brine.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

IDEM GRÆCE.

Πρῶτος οὖν ὁ δεσπότης—
τούτου τροχηλατοῦντος ἀξόνων ὕπο
ἀνθεῖ φαεινοῖς οἴδμασιν πόντου ζάλη—
ἐνταῦθα κρῆμνον ὀρθρίοις χρυσάμπυκα
αὐγαῖσιν ἠοῦς τόνδ', ὅς ἐστι καρδία
κάρα τ' Ἀθηνῶν, ἤλασεν καταιβάτης·
ἀλλ' ἐκ τριαίνης τριπτύχου σεσεισμένοι
τῆς γῆς τένοντες πέτρινοι ῥίζαι θ' ἅμα
κρήνην ἔδωκαν ἁλμυρὰν ἀντήλιον,
ἡ νῦν κάτωθεν κειμένη τὸν ὀμφαλόν,
ἅλος περισσὸν νᾶμα, λευκαίνει λόφου.

Ὁ ἐν τοῖς πολιτίκοις Στίλβων.[31]

Ἰατρὸς ἀστοῖς ὑγιέσιν γε δέξιος,
ἔξωθεν εἶδος καὶ δέμας μαθὼν μόνον,
σπλάγχνον φρένας τε, πῶς ἔχουσιν, ἠγνόει.
κακῶν μεγίστων, ὀρθόνους περ, ἐργάτης,
θᾶσσον τ' ἐλαύνων—τέρμα δ' εἰς ἄτης ἀεί—,
ὁδ' ἱππόμητις, τῇ τέχνῃ γαυρούμενος,
ὁρμώμενον μὲν ἵππον ἐξελύσατο
στομίῳ δ' ἀπειθεῖν ἡνίαις τε θούριον·
Δῆμον γὰρ ἄλλοτ' ἦγεν, ὡς ἐπιστάτης,
οἵπερ δὲ προὔβη Δῆμος, ἄλλοθ' εἵπετο·
γλώσσης μελιχρᾶς ὀξέων τ' ὄσσων ἄναξ
μέγας ματαίως, οὐδὲ πρὸς καιρὸν σόφος,
ὃς ὢν καλός τε ποικίλος τε κεὐσεβής
εἶτ' ἐξέπραξε πήματ' οὐκ ἰάσιμα.

HIAWATHA V.

"*Standing at the open doorway.*"

Αὐτὰρ ὁ μακρὸν ἐνὶ κλισίῃ προθύροισιν ἔμεινεν,
ἤθρησεν τ' Ὀδυσῆα, ἴδων δ' ἀκαχίζετο θυμῷ
νήστεϊ λυμανθέντα πόνῳ κάλλος τε δέμας τε,
καί νιν μειλιχίοις, ὡσεὶ πνοιαῖς Ζεφύροιο
κλάζουσιν πτέλεαι ψιθυραῖς, προσέφη ἐπέεσσιν·
ὦ κήδιστε βροτῶν, θεοὶ οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἔχοντες
εὐχομένοιο λίτας σέθεν ἔκλυον, οὔτε γὰρ εὔχει,
ὡς βροτοὶ ἄλλοι, ἀριστεύειν πολυμῆτις ἐπακτήρ
οὔθ' ἁλιεὺς ἴδρις, καὶ ὑπείροχος ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
οὐδὲ μάχῃ νικῶν κλέος ἐν προμάχοισι φέρεσθαι,
φύλοις δ' ἐκπράσσειν κέρδος λαοῖσί τ' ὄνησιν.

Οδυσσεύς.

TENNYSON. (*Ulysses, ll.*, 55 ff.)

"*Sitting well in order smite.*"

Ἀλλ', ὦ φίλοι, κώπαισιν ἐμβαλόντες εὖ
ἑξῆς ἐλαύνετ' αὐλάκας βαρυβρόμου
ἅλος· τρέφω γὰρ ἔμπεδον βουλὴν φρενὸς
Φοίβου παρελθεῖν ἑσπέρου φθινάσματα,
ἄστρων τε λοῦτρα μυρίων ἕως θάνω.
ἴσως μὲν ἡμᾶς κατακλύσει πόντου σάλος,
ἴσως δὲ μακάρων ἥξομεν νήσους ποτε,
ὃν τ' ᾔσμεν, ὀψόμεσθα Πηλείδη μέγαν.
εἰ πόλλ' ὄλωλεν, ἀλλ' ὁμῶς πόλ' ἐμμένει·
κεἰ δὴ παλαιὸν μηκέτ' ἐσθ' ἡμῖν κράτος,
ὅπερ ποτ' οὐρανόν τ' ἔσεισε καὶ χθόνα,
ἀλλ' ἐσμὲν οἷόν ἐσμεν, ὡς ὀπτοῦ ξίφους
αἰχμὴν ἔχοντες αἰὲν ἄγναμπτον φρενῶν·
τρύχει γὰρ ἡμᾶς μοῖρα, καὶ τρίβει χρόνος,
φρονήμασιν δὲ καρτέροις ἰσχύομεν
ζητοῦντες εὑρεῖν καὶ κρατεῖν πειρώμενοι.

TASSO, GERUS. LIB. CANTO XIV

SCARCE had he said, before the warriors' eyes
When mountain-high the waves disparted rise
The flood on either hand its billows rears,
And in the midst a spacious arch appears.
Their hands he seized, and down the steep he led
Beneath the obedient river's inmost bed ;
The watery glimmerings of a fainter day
Discovered half, and half concealed their way ;
As when athwart the dusky woods by night
The uncertain crescent gleams a sickly light.
Through subterraneous passages they went,
Earth's inmost cells and caves of deep descent ;
Of many a flood they viewed the secret source,
The birth of rivers rising to their course,
Whate'er with copious train its channel fills,
Floats into lakes, and bubbles into rills ;
The Po was there to see, Danubius' bed,
Euphrates' fount, and Nile's mysterious head.

T. GRAY.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Vix ea fatus erat, cum voltus ante virorum
In montis faciem diviso vertice fluctus
Discedunt, amnisque undas huc volvit et illuc,
Quae se scindentes media testudine vastos
Dant aditus : comites quo dextris ille receptis
Per declive regit nudo sub fluminis alveo
Undique cedentis : iam lux obscura per undas
Adiuvit partim, partim decepit euntes ;
Ac velut in silvas si cui sub nocte nigrantes
Luna incerta vibrat iubar in transversa vaganti,
Per loca sic tenebrosa vagis ambagibus ibant,
Per mediam terram, saxisque minantibus antra.
Hic caput aspicitur, fluviorum hic omnis origo
Nobilium, cursus qui pleno gurgite complent,
Quique in stagna fluunt, vel iam tenuantur in amnes
Exiguos : Padus ipse aderat spectandus, et unda
Euphrates tenui, primisque a fontibus Ister,
Et caput antiqui non enarrabile Nili.

LINES OF GREETING TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

* * * * *

In love we greet you, friend ; in love we speed you ;
For greeting soon is o'er, and parting nigh :
And when we see you not, we yet shall read you
In this calm corner, while the world rolls by.

Farewell ! By all the benefactors' merits,
Who bade us be, and raised our Johnian towers ;
By all the joys and griefs mankind inherits,
That ever stirred this little world of ours ;

By all sweet memory of the saints and sages
Who wrought among us in the days of yore ;
By youths who, turning now life's early pages,
Ripen to match the worthies gone before ;

On us, O son of England's greatest daughter,
A kindly word from heart and tongue bestow,
Then chase the sunsets o'er the western water,
And bear our blessing with you as you go.

W. E. Heitland.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

* * * * *

ACCIPIMUS carum, carum te mittimus ultro,
  Nam fugit hoc "salve," mox sequiturque "vale."
Sed licet absentis, praeterlabentibus annis,
  Ista sub his umbris dicta legenda manent.

Vive, vale! per magna, precor, benefacta virorum,
  Nomina qui nobis hasque dedere domus.
Per luctus hominum, per gaudia, si qua movere
  Has placidas sedes parvaque regna valent.

Per bona sanctorum vestigia, per sapientum,
  Hos prius assidue qui coluere Lares.
Per iuvenes primo qui vitae vere fruentes
  Maturant illis patribus esse pares.

O fili patriae, quæ proles maxima nostra est,
  Pauca, precor, nobis cor bene voxque velint.
Atque ita per fluctus soles sectare cadentes,
  Ut memor haec tecum vota precesque feras.

"HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES."

(*Moore.*)

QUAM dilecta venit mihi vesperis hora cadentis,
  Cum mare per tacitum lux liquefacta salit :
Dulcia praeteritae subeunt tum somnia vitae,
  Suspiroque memor vota suprema tibi.
Dumque facem lustro, quae, longo limite fulgens,
  Ad rutilum occasum per maris alta tremit,
Scilicet exopto ducibus succedere flammis,
  Quo procul e placidis insula surgit aquis.

POEMS

BY THE LATE

ANNA MOLINE HAINES.

GODALMING IN 1837.

(*Part I.—Boarden Bridge.*[32])

Do you remember Godalming in the days long, long ago?
The nightingale's song in the young-leaved trees, and the river gliding slow
Under the arches of Boarden Bridge, where the reeds and rushes grew,
And the willow herb and the meadow-sweet and the iris white and blue,
And forget-me-nots clustering round the sedge, and nestling in the shade
Where the trees in the vicarage garden delicious shadows made?
The *now* is indistinct, the *then* is clear and true,
Like fairy music in the wind, we hear it—I and you.

In all that valley encircled with hills,
The gurgle of water, the plash of the mills,
The soft church chime and the song of the birds
With the lowing and bleating of flocks and herds
Were blended—a chorus of melodies.
What wonder if youth and maid should meet
Sometimes by chance in a spot so sweet?
Should whisper by chance on some fair spring day
Things else that had still been left to say?
Break not the charm of that lovely dream!
Softly and silently glide, sweet stream!
Linger to mirror the love in their eyes;
They have caught a glimpse of Paradise.

No deafening noise of hissing steam, no screech or whistling shrill
Had come to break the heavenly peace of vale and stream and hill;
No huge unsightly causeway yet deformed that valley fair,
Nor heavy blackening clouds of smoke polluted that pure air,
Where sang the nightingales in spring, and the river glided through
The arches of old Boarden Bridge where the reeds and rushes grew.
Oh yes, we remember Godalming in the days long, long ago!

1885.

GODALMING IN 1837.

Part II.—Old Pond, sometimes called Eastmere (now Broadwater).

In the days gone by did you know Old Pond,
And the Isle in the midst with the fir-tree crowned?
'Tis gay to-night on the fir-crowned isle;
Oh, tarry Old Time for a little while!
Let me tell you before it is yet too late
How we danced at the grand-daughter's birthday fête.

For that sweet little isle her grandsire planned,
He marked the boundaries, bought the land,
And the low-lying flood that for many a rood
All attempts to reclaim it had long withstood.
He redeemed the waste country, drained the marsh,
And planted wide borders of birch and larch.
Through the fence there's a glimmer of water beyond
But the Pease-marsh is changed to the picturesque pond.

'Tis gay to-night in the tree-crowned isle;
Oh stay Old Time but a little while!
You never in after years will meet
A happier group on a night more sweet.
Gay lanterns are swinging amid the trees,
Lovely the night is, and soft the breeze.
Partners merrily dance in the ring,
Piano and harp and violin
Are touched by fair maidens of Godalming.
Supper is spread by hands unseen,
And toasts are drunk with many a cheer,
Nine times nine for the maid of Eastmere!

The wild flowers bloom no longer amid the thyme and sedge,
Grasses are trimmed and cleared away to make a clear-cut edge ;
No wreaths of rose and woodbine are tangled overhead,
No mosses and no balsam lie in the pathway as you tread ;
Empty the boat-house now and still the splashing oar,
And at even on the water sweet songs are heard no more.
The moon still sleeps upon that lake, where those accents softly fell,
But I hear no more the cadence "Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!"
Yet as it were but yesterday the words ring in my ear.

The *now* is dim and indistinct, the *then* is true and clear,
And there still are happy meetings in the evenings at Eastmere.

1885.

WILD FLOWERS FROM GODALMING.

(*The gift of Robert Haines.*)

Ye come from where I fain would be,
Brought by the hand I love so well,
The primrose from the grassy lea,
The violet and the asphodel.

Sweet flowers! God sent you to our earth
With messages, methinks, from Heaven,
To bid us love the gentle worth
That is to simplest pleasures given.

There's nought that seems in such sweet wise
To tell us of a Father's love,
As the wild flowers that greet our eyes
O'er hill and dale where'er we rove.

Sweet thoughts for many a silent hour,
Breath of my dear, my native, air!
For your own sake I love you—more,
Far more, for his, whose gift you were.

1846.

FOR A GOLDEN WEDDING.[33]

(With a gold watch and silver cup.)

ROSES white and roses red
Fifty years their leaves have shed,
Since the day that you were wed.
Joy and happiness to you,
Who gave us life, be ever due,
Not the gift of life alone
Do we owe, we gladly own,
To a mother's tender care,
To a mother's fervent prayer;
Every grace that makes life dear,
Every feeling caught from her,
Every better sense is due,
Thanks that life is joy,—to you.

Clouds that come and clouds that go
O'er my head are mantling now.
'Midst all shadows one thing clear
Shines for ever bright and dear,
A parent's home, a parent's heart,
The dearest thing from which we part,
The dearest, that in other climes
Brings back memory of old times,
Of the home which children we
Loved in earliest infancy—
The one thing that grows not strange,
The one thing earth cannot change.

Not we alone sing joy to you,
Little hands their chaplets strew,
Little voices soft and clear
Sing sweet joy-notes in your ear.
Born upon an Indian strand,
Nurtured in an Eastern land,
Children's children smiling come
Happy to their grandsire's home.
Nothing worth the day we bring,
Worthy songs we cannot sing,
Yet we pray that welcome meet
May our blended offerings greet;
Golden moments without measure,
Silver draughts of joy and pleasure,
Joy the best there is on earth
Be to those who gave us birth.

1865.

TO A PICTURE.[34]

Oh, that the world once more kept holiday,
  Deck'd out as erst in robes of rainbow light,
When Father Time himself was young and gay,
  And laughed and chatted like a gallant knight ;
He wore a jerkin then, and silken vest,
  And sang duets with dryads in the woods ;
The woods had dryads then—and many a guest
  Did people these bright sylvan solitudes.

Where is Queen Mab, and all her fairy train ?
  Do they no more their merry pastimes keep ?
Will elves and satyrs never come again ?
  Methinks Titania still must be asleep !
Where are the wood-nymphs ? Visions of delight !
  Lists now no Thyrsis to her Corydon ?
Comes not Diana still at dead of night,
  To commune with the rapt Endymion ?

Alas ! the woods have no Egeria now—
  Pluto hath won the fair Eurydice—
Earth has no form to wake the minstrel's vow—
  Silent is all the poet's ecstasy.
Philosophy hath lost Minerva's grace,
  A cold abstraction now, whose soul is flown,
And, like that fabled city's spell-bound race,
  The votaries of her shrine are hardened into stone.

Silent is now the lovely Dorian choir ;
  The Naiads bathe not in the crystal stream ;
The festal dances of the woods are o'er,
  Euphrosyne herself is but a dream ;
Venus, to whom Love owes its joyous birth,
  And men their happiness, to Heaven has fled ;
No more sweet Psyche wanders o'er the earth—
  She hath found Cupid long ago, and they are wed.

No Arethusa now, with murmur sweet
  Of falling waters, soothes the listener's ear ;
No syrens, crowned with flowers, the wanderer greet ;
  No unseen genius of the woods is near ;
Echo long since has faded to a sound,
  No more her form glides through the forest shades
Seeking her lov'd Narcissus, who is bound
  Into a floweret's form beneath those very glades.

Fair idealities that dwelt on earth,
  Peopling with radiant forms the minstrel's dreams,
Tell us your starry home of joy and mirth,
  That we may catch the splendour of your beams.
Fancy hath folded up her airy wings,
  She lives no longer in the realms of light ;
There is no food for man's imaginings,
  Save to embody fresh all forms of past delight.

Genius ! that lend'st a language to the stars,
  And gives a rapture to the whispering wind.
Art thou, too, forced by Fate's relentless wars
  To roam, an exile from the human mind ?
And must thy votaries, desolate and sad,
  Seek in ignoble things some vain delight,
Unmindful of the wreaths they else had had ?
  Or catch from relics old a faint and borrowed light ?

No ! Heaven hath been more kind ! for she hath left
  Some fairy forms to haunt the poet's dream ;
They came like visions from the rainbow reft,
  And fling o'er life's sad path a brighter gleam ;
Forms which once seen the heart may ne'er forget,
  Albeit their names to us are never known ;
In memory's dreamlike halls they linger yet,
  Haunting the woodland places still and lone.

Ladye ! the painter's hand, well skilled before,
  Has caught fresh rapture from thy heavenly grace ;
Through the dim vistas of the past no more
  Our weary steps in sorrow we retrace :
Cupid has lent his witchery to thine eyes ;
  Tones, like Apollo's lute, the ear beguile ;
Venus has left her mansion in the skies—
  Ladye ! she lives within the magic of thy smile.

FAIRIES.

Oh! even in these later days—
  Not too incredulous be!
Fairies still haunt the lonely glade,
  And dance upon the lea.

Their mystic rings are planted still
  On every meadow green;
Perchance at eve among the hills
  Their forms may yet be seen.

Oh! who can tell what blessed charms
  Their guardianship may bring,
What happy thoughts and sweet sweet dreams
  Upon our couch they fling.

And if the spirit of the vale,
  The Naiad of the wave,
Have wafted to a brighter world
  The mystic spells they gave,

Still, still upon the soft air float,
  Or on the moonbeams play,
Forms brighter than the fairy dreams
  Framed in an earlier day.

Still hovering at the evening hour
  O'er every vale and hill,
Angels, we know, our steps attend,
  And shield us—if we will.[35]

It is no idle dream! The earth
  Is peopled as of yore,
Angels keep watch o'er childhood's mirth
  And sorrow's lonely hour,

And many a healing balm impart,
  Soothe many a bitter sigh,
And fill the lonely sinking heart
  With hopes that never die.

WOMAN

(*From Schiller.*)

HONOUR to woman! Entwining for ever
  Roses of Heaven for sorrowing earth,
Weaving the links that time cannot sever
  With blossoms that had from young Eros their birth;
And, though scarce a spark of its brightness revealing,
In her bosom she tends the pure well-spring of feeling.

  Ever beyond the bounds of truth,
    The wild and chainless power of man
  Drives on eternally; the wrath
    Of angry winds his passion fan.
  Tost on the sea of suffering cares,
    Upon his heart there falls no gleam
  Of peace, and 'mid the distant stars
    He seeks the image of his dream.

But a charm of enchantment that stays the sad rover,
  Compels him to linger round Memory's home:
The soft eye of woman flings over her lover
  A spell that forbids him in sorrow to roam;
Yet timid, tho' faithful, her love she restraineth,
And still in the home of her childhood remaineth.

  Unholy is the strife of man!
    The wanderer, without rest or stay,
  With fearful violence hurries on,
    Nor asks of peace one short delay.
  Destroying still what he creates,
    His fierce desires at rest are never;
  Like Hydra's head, doomed by the Fates
    To die, and be renewed for ever.

But contented to gather the flowers that blossom
  For a moment in sweetness, then vanish away,
Though unknown to the world, woman hides in her bosom
  A breath of their fragrance that cannot decay ;
And freer she roveth on hope's silver pinions
Than man through the compass of reason's dominions.

  Severe and proud and self-sufficing,
    The breast of man can never know
  The joy of love, that inly rising
    Sheds bliss divine on earth below.
  He lives apart—no constant heart
    Mingles with his the bliss of tears :
  And toils of life, the world's vain strife,
    Blend with his being hopes and fears.

But softly and surely as murmuring breezes
  Awaken sweet sounds from Æolian chords,
The warm heart of woman its rapture discloses
  In language that asks not the medium of words :
And, with soul fondly wed to the image of sorrow,
Her eyes beam with pearls that Aurora might borrow.

  In man the right of strength prevails :
    The Scythian conquers by his sword,
  The Persian by his slave ; yet fails
    In all that valour's self affords.
  His wild and fierce desires make war
    Against themselves in wrath and madness,
  And ever reigns dark Eris' star
    When Charis' form has set in sadness.

But woman with gentle persuasion and prayers
  Guides ever the sceptre of custom and grace,
And discord, and evil, and sorrow, and cares
  Depart at the dawn of her innocent face,
And feelings that fierce as the hurricane rove
Are mingled with hers in the ocean of love.

NOTES.

NOTES.

(1) Sir Bartle Frere was often asked at the Cape, "What do you expect when you reach England?" His reply, found written on a slip in his Bible, was thus expressed :—

> "Where in the summer sun the early grasses grow,
> Six feet of English ground, a Briton's grave,
> Rest in my native land is all I crave."

(2) Vailed, *i.e.*, lowered, not *veiled.*

(3) An unconscious plagiarism from Milton.

(4) Published in the *Globe*, June 6, 1884, but since revised.

(5) "On the afternoon of January 26, 1874, came the news of the death of Livingstone in Africa. That very night, in a manner dear to his own heart, 'Chinese' Gordon stole away from London without notice towards that country which was henceforth to become famous through his connexion with it. The future historian, when poor Africa has one, will linger over this coincidence, some even now will deny that it was chance. They can point to Livingstone's body lying dead in the attitude of prayer at Ilala, and ask whether answer was ever vouchsafed so palpably as when Gordon was sent to snatch up the well-worn sword, and to attack with the same vigour the same evils and the same cruelties that Livingstone had dragged to light in that overshadowed land."—*Quarterly Review*, April, 1885.

(6) "We came to a grave in the forest . . . This is the sort of grave I should prefer: to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones."—*Livingstone's Last Journals*, June 25, 1868.

(7) "No one will ever know the exact loss (viz., in the massacre of Manyuema women) on this bright sultry summer morning, but it gave me the impression of being in hell."—*Last Journals*, July 15, 1871.

(8) John Woolcott, then a master in Barbadoes school.

(9) Compare Myers' *St. Paul*, p. 24.

(10) *See* "Humboldt's Travels" (1798), vol. i., p. 149 (Bohn's Ed.) :— "We were conducted to the Governor of the Province (Cumana, South America), Don Vincente Emperan. Before he was appointed Governor of Portobello and Cumana, he had distinguished himself as captain of a vessel in the navy. His name recalls to mind one of the most extraordinary and distressing events recorded in the history of maritime warfare. At the time of the last rupture between England and Spain, two brothers of Señor Emperan, both of whom commanded ships in the Spanish Navy, engaged with each other before the port of Cadiz, each supposing that he was attacking an enemy. A fierce battle was kept up during the whole night, and both the vessels were sunk almost simultaneously. The two brothers had the misfortune to recognise each other a little before they died."

(11) Belonging to Mrs. Aubrey Cox (*née* Forde).

(12) I suggest the following as an epitaph for this peerless knight, to be inscribed in a suitable place at Khartum :—

Hic · iacet · quicquid · mortale · fuit ·
KAROLI · GEORGII · GORDON ·
Viri · inter · paucos · admirandi ·
qui · laude · divitiis · honoribus · exutis · spretis ·
ita · res · divinas · vel · a · puero · contemplatus ·
rebus · humanis · minime · defuit ·
ut · militiam · apud · Sarmatas · tiro ·
mox · inter · Seras · imperator ·
cum · praeclarissime · prosperrime · gessisset ·
tandem · apud · Aithiopas ·
alienis · auxilium · unus · ferens ·
desertus · proditus ·
vitam · intrepido · quo · vixerat · animo ·
perdiderit · invenerit ·

a.d. vi. Kal. Mar. A. D. MDCCCLXXXV.

(13) The music of this carol is published by Messrs. Weekes & Co., 14, Hanover Street, Regent Street, W.

(14) The author is not known, but the poem shows traces of Christian influence (cf. Isaiah xlix. 10; Rev. vii. 16).

(15) For a translation of this piece see the *Spectator*, No. 229, to which I owe the turn of the 11th and 12th lines. Tennyson has imitated this poem in his "Eleanore." Catullus translated it in Latin.

(16) This translation is printed in *Parallel Verse Extracts*, by J. E. Nixon and E. H. C. Smith (Macmillan & Co.), p. 45.

(17) Compare Shakspere, *Rom. and Jul.*, iv., 5, 35:—

> "Oh, son! The night before thy wedding day
> Hath Death lain with thy wife."

and again, *Ibid.*, 82:—

> "All things that we ordained festival
> Turn from their office to black funeral;
> Our instruments to melancholy bells,
> Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
> Our solemn hymns to sad dirges change,
> Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse."

(18) Printed in the *Sunday Sun*, 1899.

(19) This epitaph is found in the *De Corona* of Demosthenes, § 289.

(20) This translation was written independently of Sir Theodore Martin's version of the same poem, in spite of one or two resemblances that appear between them.

(21) Published in the *Cambridge Review*.

(22) Printed in *Atalanta*, November, 1887, and set to music by Miss Eleanor Kelloch.

(23) Won the translation prize in the *Journal of Education*, 1897.

(24) An unconscious plagiarism from Lewis Carroll.

(25) "A stanza in the grand Road-song and Marching-song of our great Teutonic kindred, wending, wending, valiant and victorious, through the undiscovered deeps of Time, which has perhaps already sung itself, in dark hours and in bright, through many a heart."—*Carlyle.*

(26) A fabulous Elysian oasis invented by E. A. Poe.

(27) From a prose version in Markham's *Peru.*

(28) From a prose version in the *Century Magazine* for September, 1889, by John A. Paine.

(29) From Professor Lushington's prose translation of the poem in *Records of the Past.*

(30) From a prose translation in Pascuel de Gayangos' *Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain.* Almansur the Victorious was Sultan of the Spanish Mohammedans, 977-1002 A.D.

(31) The excellent sonnet on Gladstone, entitled "The Political Luminary," of which this is a translation, has been withdrawn by the author from the recent edition of his poems. I have therefore not felt at liberty to print it opposite the Greek. It is a wonderfully accurate picture of that self-deceived deceiver of a great people. The word Στίλβων was applied by the Greeks to the planet Mercury, and meant "the Scintillator." A "wandering star" of such mercurial, changeable, and fiery a character, which shines, too, brightest in opposition, may well represent such a political luminary as Gladstone.

(32) "Boarden Bridge" was the old wooden bridge over the Wey at Godalming, just below the church. This poem was printed in the Parish Magazine.

(33) The golden wedding of Robert and Mary Moline in 1865.

(34) This poem was printed at the end of a little translation of "Gottfried and Beata," in 1844. The poem is not signed, and, as the book was written by two authors in conjunction, Mrs. Alcock and my mother, it is not *certain* that this poem was by my mother, but her sister Agnes assured me that this particular poem was by her sister Anna.

(35) I have slightly altered this line.

(36) These two epigrams are from Latin ones by the Rev. T. E. Raven.

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